



THE EIGHTH WONDER

I still remember the little red velvet bug,
creeping through wet sand like a walking velvet rug.
Chasing those dragonflies—yellow, blue, and red—
and waking up to sparrows singing over my head.

Back then, feeding the crows was a daily grace,
and weddings had people serving water with a smiling face.
No plastic bottles, just care poured out of a pail,
and woven coconut leaves welcoming every guest without fail.

Evenings meant fireflies blinking in the dark,
no fancy LED bulbs could match that tiny spark.
Plucking sour-sweet fruits right off the tree,
and blowing leaf whistles filled with raw childhood glee.

Now it's all concrete, sirens, and traffic smoke,
watching nature in 4K while the real world chokes.
Fish in the village pond were buddies taking a dip,
not just some seafood meal packed for a dinner trip.

I don't see the green parrots or dung beetles anymore;
feels like I'm a visitor stranded on an alien shore.
They say the world has seven wonders to behold,
magnificent, famous, and centuries old.

But to me, the real wonder is simple and free:
the world that wakes up when my phone hits zero percent battery.

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